Faust E.G.O:: Lasso

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Faust E.G.O:: Lasso

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Guh

Notes

Okay so lasso is a very interesting ego to me because the corrosion quote is like so hard for me to get an idea on her personality. Faust is obvi not very violent or aggressive but her corrosion dialogue is for lasso. So like if this is super ooc I'm sorry I just didn't really know what to do

Anyways enjoy teehee

See the end of the work for more notes

Bright vibrant greens.

The lovely, damp, loamy scent of the forest.

You would be enjoying all of these things, as they are a welcome break from the grimy, grey gloom that covers about 95% of the city. Key word is would, as there was currently a giant, horrifying monster you were all currently failing to dismantle. Screams, both human and inhuman, resounded constantly throughout the oppressive canopy, punctuated by sounds of violence and death. You parried a blow from a skittering, chitinous limb belonging to the abnormality—a many-jointed horror that defied easy description—its shriek a discordant symphony that grated on your already distracted mind.

Beside you, Heathcliff spit out a string of less than friendly words, his bat swinging with a flurry of strikes, Ryōshū gliding around, blade carving crimson arcs through masses of tendrils. And then there was Faust. Mounted on a spectral steed woven from vibrant green, thorny vines, its eyes two blooming, unsettlingly placid roses, she was the picture of lethal grace. Partially obscured by a flowing, leafy cape clasped at her shoulder by a beautiful rose.

Her lasso danced from her hand, coiling and striking with precision unmatched, ensnaring appendages of the writhing abnormality, each successful hit drawing a spray of ichor and a screech of agony from the beast.

"Faust believes that targeting central mass would be most appropriate." Faust's voice, though strained, still carried that familiar edge of cool command. "The abnormality's regenerative capabilities seem to be linked to some form of core."

You ducked under a sweeping claw, the wind of its passage ruffling your hair, and lunged, your own weapon singing as it connected with a softer patch of the creature’s hide. A small victory, but the forest was closing in, the shadows between the gnarled, weeping trees seeming to writhe with a life of their own. The fight was a desperate, grinding affair, you really could not guarantee a victory like this.

But it didn't take long to realize something was off, the longer the fight dragged on you the more Faust's lack of contribution became

apparent. The horse, stamped restlessly, its rose-eyes dilating like fleshy apertures. Faust's hand, the one gripping the Lasso, twitched, the thorny vine undulating with a life beyond her command. A low sound, almost a growl, rumbled in her chest, a discordant note a human would not be able to make

"H-hey, Faust?" Gregor called out, his voice tight with alarm, noticing the shift. "Something wrong?"

Her head snapped towards him, but it wasn't Faust who looked. Not entirely. A strange, feral light was dawning in her powder-blue eyes, a hunger that was utterly alien to the collected genius you knew. The leafy cape around her shoulders began to writhe, the vibrant green darkening, becoming a sick, poisonous hue, the edges sharpening into vicious, needle-like spikes that seemed to drink the dim forest light.

"Who... where... apple…?" she rasped, her voice rougher, deeper, the cultured tones fracturing apart. "The apple... I..."

Her face, usually pale and serene, even in battle, contorted. A wet, tearing sound, like bark splitting from a diseased tree, echoed around the air. You watched, frozen, as the skin on the front of her face split vertically, from her hairline to her chin. There wasn't a gush of blood, instead, from the obscene fissure, something emerged. Dark green tendrils, tipped with angry crimson, uncurled like the legs of some nightmare insect, pushing the flesh aside.

Then, with a series of sickening, moist pops and unfurlings, a colossal rose bloomed from the ruin of her features. Its petals were a deep, bruised crimson, impossibly large, obscuring her eyes, her nose, her mouth, transforming her head into a monstrous, beautiful, terrifying flower. Only strands of her signature white hair, now matted and displaced, hinted at the woman beneath.

"FAUST!"

The thing that was Faust let out a shriek that was no longer human. It was a raw, bestial sound, full of a desperate, agonizing mania. The thorny lasso, now pulsing and writing, whipped out, not at the abnormality, but at one of her fellow sinners, who yelped and scrambled back, the thorns tearing a bloody furrow across their arm.

"Where is it?!" the Faust roared, her new "mouth" a dark, pollen-dusted void amidst the petals. "The apple! The princess-to-be! You hide it from me!"

Her horse reared, its rose-eyes glowing with the same crazed light, and charged. Not towards the lumbering abnormality that was still a very real threat, but into the midst of the sinners. Chaos erupted. The already desperate battle against one monster fractured into a frantic scramble to avoid another—one who had, moments before, been their ally, their strategist.

Her lasso was a whirlwind of agony. Thorns like jagged glass teeth tore through fabric and flesh with equal, indifferent ease. You saw Sinclair take a lash across the back, his cry of pain cut short as he stumbled, blood blooming dark on his jacket. The thorny vine cracked like a demonic whip, each impact met with screams and fresh arterial sprays that painted the forest floor in gruesome new patterns.

"Get lost…!" she bellowed, the voice a distorted parody, the petals of her rose-face quivering with her rage. "The apple, the apple…! Where did you hide it?! Tell me, or I'll tear it from your worthless hides!"

The abnormality, perhaps sensing a shift in the course of the fight, or simply drawn by the fresh scent of blood, pressed its advantage, its attacks becoming more frenzied. You were caught between a rock and a hard place, a monster in front, a corroded ally behind. There was no strategy, no cohesion left, only a desperate, atomized struggle for survival.

You lunged to avoid a scything limb from the abnormality, your feet skidding on slick mud and leaf litter. In that moment of vulnerability, the thorny whip struck. It wasn't a direct hit, not at first. The barbed edge of the basso caught your ankle, the thorns sinking deep, like a hundred poisoned needles injecting ice and fire into your flesh simultaneously.

A cry tore from your throat as an unbearable, searing pain shot up your leg. You looked down, the vine was wrapped tight, its thorns, some as long as your thumb, buried deep. Blood welled up instantly, thick and dark, soaking your pants, running in rivulets down your skin.

Before you could even try to free yourself, the Lasso yanked. Hard. Your feet were ripped from under you. The world tilted, the forest canopy spinning in a dizzying, nauseating blur. You hit the ground with a bone-jarring impact, the air forced from your lungs. Dirt and leaves filled your mouth. The pain in your ankle was a blinding nova, but it was quickly joined by a hundred other agonies as you were dragged, mercilessly, across the uneven forest floor behind the horse.

Watching helplessly as you are separated from the other sinners.

Rocks, roots, and debris tore at your clothes, your skin, snagging and ripping, adding new layers of torment. Each bounce, each scrape, sent fresh waves of agony through your body. You could hear the distant, panicked shouts of the other Sinners, their voices fading, swallowed by the oppressive woods and the thundering hooves of the steed.

Though the dragging stopped as abruptly as it had begun. You lay there, a crumpled, bleeding heap, gasping for breath, every nerve ending screaming. Your ankle was a mangled ruin, the thorns still embedded, the vine a constricting band of pure torture. Slowly, painfully, you pushed yourself up onto your elbows, spitting out blood and grime as you tried to find your weapon.

Towering over you was that rose-headed monster. Her corrupted form was even more terrifying up close. The massive rose that had consumed her face seemed to breathe, its petals shifting with a grotesque, disgusting life. The dark green, spiky cape flowed around her like a funeral shroud woven from nightmarish foliage. The scent of roses, sweet and heavy, mingled with the sharp, metallic tang of your own blood.

Her head, or rather, the rose, tilted, as if examining you. The dark void at the center of the bloom focused on you. "You," the voice rasped, closer now, stricken with madness. The petals rustled, a dry, whispering sound. "You were trying to run weren't you...? Trying to keep it from me."

The Lasso, still wrapped around your bleeding ankle, tightened. A fresh wave of agony ripped a choked scream from you. Tears welled in your eyes, blurring the monstrous vision before you. "The apple!" she hissed, leaning closer, her rose-face inches from yours. You could see the intricate, velvety texture of the petals, the way they curled and overlapped. "Where is it? The precious, stolen apple! The one that will become a princess! Did you take it?! Did you hide it in your wretched guts?"

Her free hand, still recognizably Faust's reached out, fingers like iron claws digging into your shoulder, pinning you down. The thorns on the lasso ground deeper into your flesh, and you could feel the warm, slick flow of blood increasing, pooling beneath you. "N-no!" you stammered, voice trembling, vision swimming. "Faust... I... don't know what the hell you're talking about!"

"LIES!" The shriek was deafening, shaking the very leaves on the surrounding trees. The petals of her rose-face trembled violently. "Nothing but lies! But Faust knows! This story has a definite conclusion!" The Lasso pulsed, and a new, excruciating pain shot through your leg, making you arch your back and cry out. "Faust knows," she snarled, gesturing with the lasso, effectively yanking on your mangled ankle again, "it knows how to make vermin talk. You will relinquish it! Before I peel you like rotten fruit!"

"I said I don't-"

The monstrous rose that was Faust's face quivered, a grotesque indignation. "No?" Her voice, a rasping symphony of rustling petals and inhuman rage, seemed to claw at the air around you. "You lie as easily as you breathe. But Faust is patient! Faust is thorough!"

"I… I don't know!" you choked out, tears streaming, vision blurring the terrifying floral visage above. "There's no… I haven't seen any apples, Faust! Please!"

A dry, cackling laughter of utter insanity escaped the rose, like dead leaves skittering across gravestones. "Haven't seen it...? Of course you've seen it! This tale cannot possibly continue without it!" The lasso around your ankle retracted slightly, only for another section of the monstrous vine to lash out with serpentine speed. It snaked around your other leg, then your wrists, binding you with impossible speed.

Thorny tendrils, bristling with needle-sharp barbs, cinched tight, pinning your arms to your sides, your legs together. Every slight movement, every involuntary twitch, sent fresh javelins of pain lancing through your limbs as the thorns bit deeper, tearing at your already shredded clothes and raw flesh. You were trussed like an animal for slaughter, completely helpless.

"The forest is vast," Faust mused, her voice a low, dangerous thrum. "Many places to hide a treasure. But secrets, like flesh, can be torn open." The Lasso, now free from its binding duties as other vines held you fast, danced in her grip. It whistled through the air, a sound that made your stomach clench with anticipatory dread. Then it struck.

Not a constricting hold this time, but a brutal, slashing whip. It cracked across your thighs, the impact a starburst of agony that stole your breath. The thorns, hundreds of them, ripped through your skin, leaving a lattice of bleeding furrows. You screamed, arching against

your thorny bonds, which only made them dig deeper, a gnarly trap of suffering. Gore welled, painting your legs with glistening crimson, the coppery scent sharp.

"Where?!" she shrieked, the rose petals flaring. "Did you bury it beneath the roots?! Did you offer it to that other beast?!" Another lash, this time across your ribs. You felt the sickening crunch as something gave way, a searing pain engulfing your torso. Each breath became a ragged, shallow gasp, laced with fire. Your vision swam with red.

"Please…" you sobbed, a broken litany. "I don't… know… anything…"

"Ignorance is no shield!" The lasso cracked again, and again, a relentless storm of thorns flaying your skin, each blow a fresh wave of unimaginable torture. Your body convulsed with each impact, muscles screaming, mind reeling. The ground beneath you was becoming a sodden mess of mud and your own blood. The pain was a living entity, consuming you, burning away thought.

You lay there, a trembling, bleeding wreck, every inch of your exposed skin a tapestry of torment. Through the haze of agony, you saw the Faust regarding you, the colossal bloom tilted as if in contemplation.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "your throat holds the secret then? Words are slippery things, but breath… breath is essential to those words. Without it, all truths eventually surface."

She walked a slow, steady path to your side hands out as she drawled the lasso loose before draping it across your neck. You tried to turn your head, to cry out, but there was nowhere for you to go. The thorny vine, slick with your own blood from its previous gruesome work, coiled around your throat like a venomous serpent. It wasn't a gentle encirclement. The thorns bit into the soft skin of your neck instantly. She stood behind you know, boot heavy on your shoulder.

"The apple you vile wretch," she hissed, her petals so close at the back of your neck you could feel a strange, dry warmth radiating from it, smelling the cloying, sickly-sweet scent of its otherworldly bloom. "Its whereabouts! Speak them to me now!"

You tried to shake your head, a tiny, desperate movement, but the thorns dug in deeper, sending needles of pure agony into your throat. "I… don't…" you rasped, each word a monumental effort, your voice a strangled croak.

"You don't know? Or you will not tell me?!" The Lasso constricted further. The air in your lungs felt suddenly precious, finite. Panic pierced through the fog of pain. Your hands, still bound, twitched uselessly at your sides. You instinctively wanted to claw at your throat, to tear away the suffocating band, but you were helpless. Thrashing would only drive the thorns deeper, a fact your screaming nerves were already making abundantly clear.

"Tell me!" she demanded, her voice rising to a near wail, the petals of the rose vibrating with her fury. The pressure around your neck became unbearable. Your airway was closing. Black spots danced before your eyes. The sound of your own blood, a frantic, thundering drum, filled your ears. You could feel the individual thorns, each one it's own unique piercing torment, sinking into your flesh, grating against cartilage. Thick trickles of blood starting to snake down your neck, a morbid necklace gifted by your tormentor.

Your lungs burned, screaming for air that wouldn't come. You clawed mentally for an answer, any answer, to appease her, but your mind was a maelstrom of pain and terror. "N-nothing… know nothing…" you managed to force out, each syllable a rasping agony, tasting the iron tang of blood on your tongue.

"Useless!" she spat. The Lasso tightened with a brutal, final-seeming jerk. A choked, gurgling sound was ripped from your throat. The world began to narrow, the vibrant greens and browns of the forest dimming, the terrifying flora above you blurring into a kaleidoscope of red and black. Your limbs felt heavy, distant. The urge to struggle, to fight, was immense, but the certain knowledge that any movement would only intensify the agony, would only hasten the end, held you in a paralyzing grip of pure terror. You were drowning in air, suffocating under a thorny boot as your lifeblood was painting the forest floor.

Then the blackness receded, not to blessed relief, but to the searing, immediate agony of thorns biting into your throat. Air, precious and sharp, flooded your lungs in a ragged, desperate gasp, only to be instantly choked off as the Lasso tightened once more. The rose was all you could see, blotting out the sky like a mockery of the sun in a personal hell, its petals quivering with manic energy.

"You will not receive the mercy of dying until you tell me." the distorted voice rasped. "Did the silence teach you? Did the darkness whisper where the apple lies hidden? The sweet, red secret, the princess slumbering within! Tell me! Tell me now!"

Each frantic beat of your heart sent fresh jolts of agony from your mangled ankle, your flayed limbs, and now, the vise-like grip around your neck. You tried to speak, to plead, but only a strangled gurgle escaped, your throat raw and swollen, the thorns a collar. Any attempt to twist away, to find purchase, only served to drive the barbs deeper, tearing delicate flesh.

"Silence, still nothing but your lying, thieving silence!" The Lasso squeezed again, and the world fractured into a million blinding shards of light, your lungs burning, your chest a collapsing cage. Just as unconsciousness threatened to claim you yet again, to offer its brief, unconscious mercy, the pressure would lessen just enough for a single, agonizing breath to tear its way in, before the torment resumed.

Again and again, she brought you to the precipice of suffocation, a cruel dance on the edge of oblivion. "You do not understand what you are seeking to do!" she shrieked during one horrifying reprieve, her petals staring you down. "Stories must follow their natural courses. Must I spill your insides upon the forest floor to divine its hiding place? Does it sleep beneath your thieving skin?"

Her patience, if such a thing ever truly existed within her corroded mind snapped like a rotted branch. With a roar that was more beast than woman, she released your throat, only for the lasso to crack through the air with renewed ferocity. It lashed across your already brutalized torso, your legs, your arms, each impact a fresh explosion of searing pain. Thorns, countless and cruel, ripped and tore, snagging on muscle and sinew, gouging bloody furrows. You screamed, a continuous, broken sound, thrashing in your thorny bonds, which only caused the restraints to bite deeper, new points of agony flaring to life as your struggles ground the barbs into your meat. Blood flowed freely now, soaking into the earth, your tattered clothes clinging to you like a second skin of gore.

"It hides from the hunter, it seeks to break the flow that the story must follow!" Faust raved, circling you like a predator, the vine-horse stamping and snorting in agitation. "But nothing can hide forever! Faust will ensure the princess will become her role!" Her voice was a litany of madness, a torrent of insane ramblings about the apple. Questions, threats, and nonsensical prophecies tumbled from the rose-bloom in a ceaseless, terrifying flood.

Then, her method shifted again. With a grunt of frustrated rage, she manipulated the thorny vines that bound you. They tightened, lifted, drawing your already broken body upwards. Your feet left the ground,

your shoulders screamed in protest as your full weight was suspended, your limbs spread-eagled and cinched tight by the merciless, flesh-ripping tendrils. You were strung up like a grotesque effigy, exposed wide to her, the thorns digging into your wrists, ankles, and torso with a constant, grinding pressure.

Every breath was a new battle against the searing pain, every movement a fresh invitation for the barbs to tear deeper. Blood dripped from you in a steady, sickening rhythm, forming a dark, viscous pool on the forest floor beneath.

"Perhaps," she hissed, her face roving your body, the petals brushing your skin, sending shivers through you. "Perhaps you simply do not understand just what it is you keep from me." The Lasso cracked again, this time with pinpoint, vicious accuracy, striking your exposed stomach, then your inner thighs. The pain was a white-hot nova, so intense it stole your breath, leaving you gasping, choked sobs shaking your suspended frame. Awful, bleeding marks, like grotesque crimson flowers, bloomed across your skin with each sadistic blow.

"The apple isn't just a fruit, you see," she crooned, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial tone. "It's a seed. A vessel. It is not what the apple is but what it will become." Her gaze seemed to burn into you. "The only other place you could keep it would be inside, along with the rest of your lying words. Perhaps it sleeps deep within you, nestled in your very core."

A horrifying new energy seemed to fill her. The ground at her feet began to writhe. Vines, darker and thicker than the ones that bound you, rose from the earth, coiling around her lower half. They twisted and pulsed, weaving together with an unnatural, squirming life, forming a crude, yet unmistakably phallic shape. Priapic was the only word you had, fashioned from living, thorny vines, now jutted obscenely from between her legs, its surface glistening with a malevolent, organic wetness.

Your heart hammered against your ribs, a frantic bird trapped in a cage. This was a new, unspeakable dimension of horror. "Yes... within..." Faust breathed, a sound of dawning, depraved revelation. The rose-petals around her face seemed to flush a deeper, more malicious crimson. She reached out, her handsteady, grabbing the tattered, blood-soaked remnants of your shirt. With a single, brutal rip, she tore it away, exposing your lacerated, bruised chest to the cool forest air. Then your pants, shredded and stained, followed, ripped from your body with contemptuous ease, leaving you naked,

suspended, and utterly at the mercy of her burgeoning madness.

"If you will not give it to me willingly," she spat, her voice lethal, the thorny vine phallus twitching with a life of its own, "then I will tear it from your body. I will search every inch, every hidden fold. I will pry the information from your very flesh. And you will tell me where the princess sleeps."

The vine-phallus twitched, its surface a tapestry of smoother, tightly woven tendrils, yet still alive with an unsettling motion. It wasn't the brutal, tearing surface of the Lasso or her thorny restraints; instead, it was a collection of bumps and flowing, organic grooves, surprisingly rigid despite its living composition.

Faust loomed ever closer. The thorny Lasso, still cinched tight around your neck, was yanked savagely, pulling your head back at an impossible angle, exposing the vulnerable line of your throat completely. Your cry was a choked, strangled gasp, the thorns biting into your skin, a fresh trickle of blood tracing a path down towards your collarbone. You were her puppet, suspended and leashed.

"Last chance," she hissed, her voice a sibilant rustle against the backdrop of your tortured breathing. The head of the strap-on, slick with some unseen, self-made dew from the living tendrils, pressed against you. The contact was full, a violating pressure that did nothing but attack your already overwhelmed senses. "The apple. Where. Is. It?"

Tears streamed from your eyes, mixing with the blood and grime on your face. You tried to speak, to plead, to offer anything, but your throat was too constricted, your mind too fractured by pain and terror. Only a pathetic, whimpering keen escaped you.

"Wrong answer," she snarled. With a guttural roar, she slammed into you.

The sensation was awful. There was no tearing sharpness from that invasion, no new agony there, but a strange, full pressure as the surprisingly yielding, yet firm, mass of vines pushed deep inside you. It was an alien feeling, the texture of the bundled, writhing tendrils unlike anything imaginable, yet it slid with an unnerving ease, a bizarre warmth spreading through you. The vines themselves seemed to release a slippery, natural lubricant as they moved, a slick dew that made the intrusion smoother and deeper. An involuntary gasp, utterly different from your pain-filled cries, was torn from you as a wave of

unexpected, unwanted heat washed through your lower body.

Your body, traitorous and broken, arched minutely against your thorny bonds, not from pain this time, but from this new, invasive stimulus. The vines inside you seemed to pulse with a life of their own, reaching, filling, creating a friction that sent sparks of illicit pleasure through your nerve endings, even as your mind screamed in protest, even as terror held you in its icy grip.

But Faust was not interested in your pleasure, far from it. "Still nothing?" she bellowed, her hips piston-ing with brutal, relentless force, fucking you hard and fast. The Lasso around your neck tightened with each thrust, a cruel rhythm of asphyxiation accompanying the violating rhythm of the penetration. Just as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm, the air would be choked from your lungs, the world would dim, and then, with a slight release, you'd gasp back to awareness, only for the cycle to repeat. Stars exploded behind your eyes, the coppery taste of blood thick in your mouth from biting your tongue against the onslaught.

"Hrraghh!" she shrieked, her face a blur of manic motion. "The apple's location! Tell me, or I'll split you open from the inside out!" The lasso whipped out, not the one around your neck, but another tendril from her, cracking against your already savaged thighs, your stomach, your breasts. Fresh, searing pain overlaid the confusing pleasure, a maelstrom of sensation. Blood welled anew, painting your skin with fresh crimson streaks, the sting a sharp counterpoint to the deep fullness.

"Are you hiding the princess in your depths? I'll dig her out! I'll retrieve the seed!" Her thrusts became deeper, more frantic, each one accompanied by a tightening of the leash, a sharp crack of the whip. She was a whirlwind of sadistic fury, utterly consumed by her madness, her own body a vessel for the Rose Hunter's depraved hunt.

You were lost in a storm of conflicting sensations. The shame of the pleasure, the agony of the thorns, the terror of her madness, the burning of your lungs, the sting of the whip. Moans tore from your throat, a horrifying blend of pain and that unwanted, body-deep satisfaction. The around your throat was relentless; she'd yank your head back, exposing your throat for her crazed snarls, then allow a moment of slack only to choke you again, drawing out the torment, playing with your lungs as she violated your body. The thorny restraints bit into your wrists and ankles, raw and bleeding, every movement she forced upon you grinding them deeper.

"Deeper… yes… the vines reach deep, don't they?!" she panted, her voice a terrifying, almost ecstatic fervor worming into your brain. "They feel everything! They'll find the apple, even if I have to turn you inside out to get it!" The lubricant from the vines made her thrusts slick and fast, the sensation inside you growing more intense, more shamefully pleasurable, even as the world outside that core feeling was nothing but pain and blood. Faust showed no signs of fatigue, her movements fueled by an inexhaustible, manic energy. The phallus of vines, slick with your body's fluids and its own strange dew, thrust deeper and harder.

"TELL ME WHERE YOU HIDE IT!" she'd roar, her voice cracking, the rose-petals of her face seeking to worm their way into your own head to extract the thoughts from your brain. With every demand, the thorny Lasso around your neck would be brutally yanked, snapping your head back, neck collapsing as your airway was crushed. Air would whoosh from your lungs, only for the pressure to ease just enough for you to drag in a desperate, burning gasp before the choking resumed. Large, bleeding gashes adorned your neck where the thorns bit and tore with each violent tug.

Her free hand, when not delivering stinging lashes with another thorny tendril that left your skin a roadmap of welts and bleeding cuts, would often grab your hair, yanking your head to the side, forcing you to meet the void at the center of her rose-face. "Was it sweet?! That crisp red flesh?! You tasted it's flesh, you must have when you stole it from where it fell!" Her questions were a torrent, nonsensical and terrifying, punctuated by savage thrusts and the crack of the whip.

The thorny restraints holding you suspended were a constant torment. Every movement she forced upon you, every convulsion of your own violated body, caused more cuts, more deep lacerations.The pain was a roaring inferno, a constant, overwhelming tide that threatened to drown what little remained of your coherence.

Yet, amidst the agony, the terror, the shame, that insidious pleasure, unbidden, continued to build. Your body, ever so traitorous, responded to the deep, rhythmic friction of the vines, to the strange, pulsing life within them. The overwhelming sensations—the searing pain of the thorns, the burning of your lungs, the sting of the whip, the dizzying loss of control—all began to blur.

Your breath hitched, no longer just from the choking, but from something else, something rising from the depths of your core. A

moan, raw and ragged, ripped from your throat, a sound that was equal parts agony and pleasure. Faust seemed to sense the shift, watching as you opened your mouth as if to speak to her.

"Yes! Is that it?! You wish to tell Faust do you not?!" she shrieked, her thrusts becoming even more frantic, more brutal. The lasso tightened, cutting off your air completely.

The world dissolved. There were no more trees, no more air, no more you. Only the searing pain, the suffocating pressure, the deep, grinding friction, and then, an explosion. A violent, convulsive orgasm wracked your body, so intense it was like being torn apart from the inside out. Your back arched violently against the thorny bonds, fresh waves of agony lancing through you as thorns ripped deeper. Screams tore from your throat, lost in the suffocating grip of the Lasso. Your limbs spasmed, your vision bleached white, and for a moment, there was nothing but that shattering, involuntary release, a purely physical cataclysm that left you utterly spent.

Then, as quickly as it had crested, the wave receded, leaving behind a desolate shore. Your body went entirely limp, a dead weight hanging in the blood-slicked vines. Consciousness frayed, darkness beckoning at the edges of your vision. You were a broken doll, dangling, every nerve ending screaming, yet too exhausted to even twitch. The only sound was your own ragged, shallow breathing, each inhale a monumental effort.

A moment of blessed, empty silence descended, broken only by Faust's own panting. You hung there, suspended between agony and oblivion, the world a distant, muffled hum.

But the reprieve was cruelly short-lived. The lasso around your neck, which had gone momentarily slack, snapped taught with a vicious jerk, yanking you brutally back into the nightmare. Your head lolled, then was forced upright, your gaze drawn unwillingly back to the blooming petals.

"Not yet," she rasped, her voice a low, dangerous growl, the earlier manic frenzy now honed to a sharper, more terrifying edge. The vines at her waist, still embedded deep within you, gave a slow, deliberate pulse. "It's not over. No, it's never over."

"Not until you tell me where it is."

End Notes

https://discord.gg/GPBNYYxExz

Server is now called la muncherland sobs

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